

Volume 16

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Number 10

The Occult Digest

Dedicated to the laws of higher Mind-Soul expansion

MARIE HARLOWE, Editor

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Entered as Second Class Matter November 21, 1939, at the
Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Merged 1939 with The Telepathic Magazine

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Small minds are unable to see that there are bigger world problems confronting the people beyond that of the preservation of the British Empire. Germany is fighting a war against Communism in Europe and Japan is fighting a war against Communism in the Orient. Let Christians dwell on that fact! The British beg for help to save them as the great strong-hold of Christianity, yet nine-tenths of the British Empire are Mohammedans and a good many of the other one-tenth are Buddhists, Brahmins, etc. Let Christians dwell on this fact!

The British House of Commons has been talking about uniting with the United States, in which case we would like to know, who would be king? The British not so long ago expressed utmost displeasure at the idea of an American for Queen. Is our country to be given back to England, while the Revolutionary fathers who died for our liberty stand helplessly by in their astral realms? May the ghosts of these patriots of liberty walk again, at midnight, to haunt any who dare to try it.

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The Conscription Law has now passed, and those of us who believe it to be of unnecessary and evil nature, will continue to fight it. We will not risk two years in jail and a fine of \$10,000 by advising young men to refuse its influence; we will work for its repeal as many another law has been repealed in the past. In the meantime, we refer young men about to be drafted to consult Section 63,016 of the Conscription Law which refers to Conscientious Objectors. All men who for religious reasons do not approve of fighting to kill, may appeal for exemption from combatant service to the local board, and may even appeal their decision to the Department of Justice. There are some spiritual groups who go so far as to declare that noncombatant service in hospitals, kitchens, etc. is only a help to war to which they conscientiously object. We feel that this is a matter of throwing the baby out with the bath water; we hold that it is our duty as spiritual students to serve and succor all who need it, for whatever the cause of their need. To this end, we will be glad to give proper affidavits for presentation to the local board in proof of the interest in non-killing of those young men who are subscribers to our magazine, for we understand that the reading of such literature as ours constitutes partial proof of such interest in the Law of Love and the belief in non-killing.

We would refer you to THE CALL, official organ of the Socialist Party, of Oct. 12, 1940, to the editorial, "A Fake Campaign". It expresses our sentiments that neither of the candidates of the two major parties are "worth shooting". Their horoscopes are so similar as to indicate to the Astrologer that we haven't much choice and that whoever is elected, the same PLAN which underlies the life of the United States is going on just the same. It is believed by Astrologers and Occultists that a Revolution is going to manifest in this country in the next two or three years. We believe that the water has already run out of the dam and that nothing we do now will stop it until it seeks its own level. It is not hard to believe in a Roosevelt-Wilkie hoax as outlined there. American masses like Punch and Judy shows.

WHEN I DIE

Found after her passing in the papers of
Effa E. Danelson

When I die, as much of me as can die--the outer garment called by men, Life--I want no priest or man of God, so-called, to pray or exhort over my lifeless form, nor do I want the simple casket in which that form is laid away covered with flowers to wither and decay. I have all of those I am worthy of in the time called earthly days.

But if I count among my friends in that last day of earth a sweet singer I have served in an eternal service, then I shall ask that the debt be paid with a sweet song that tells the story of a life who served its fellow-men.

For shame, if even in a thoughtless moment, my friends should desecrate my memory thus: but if a word be spoken, let it be said by those who knew me best while yet I travelled the highway of earthly life, footsore but never depressed, for I could see the Glory of Life, blessed by Life, unfettered by superstition or fear, knowing full well that in that ceaseless, winding Life, I gained each day the summit of my best desire.

So let it be said by those who knew me, "Her only word of praise was 'Onward, my friend, yonder lies the way. Fear not, no hell or heaven bars your way to gain your goal if you have knowledge of the law which governs life'". Let it be said, "I knew her because she served me well".

It is now one year since the passing of our former Editor, Effa E. Danelson, and since I took over the magazine which she had founded in 1925.

I well recognize that our personal expressions are different, Mrs. Danelson's and my own, but I can offer no apology for being myself. Nor, when we look at the fact that FIFTEEN (and perhaps more unknown to us) of metaphysical and occult journals have ceased publication in the last few months while we still carry on, do I think Mrs. Danelson would ask any apology from me for the management of her beloved magazine which continues and will continue to CARRY ON! - *The Editor*

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY

Marie Harlowe

For about three hundred years the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has been waged, and that has implied that perhaps Bacon, and not Shakespeare was the author of the "Shakespearean" plays, Shakespeare being but a mask for Bacon. Certainly there exists a host of curious parallels between the Shakespearean plays and the Essays and other works of Bacon. Not one illustration or metaphor exists but what was used in both. Modes of thought, and common words used in new meanings, as well as metaphor, show close resemblance.

It has been claimed that a syndicate of dramatists wrote the plays, including besides Bacon and Shakespeare, Daniel, Greene, Peck, Drayton and Marlowe. The first folio of Shakespearean plays published did not list the name of Shakespeare at all, and for that matter, none of the thirty-seven plays accredited to Shakespeare were ever heard of until some seven years after his death. Ben Johnson referred to Bacon as "a concealed poet"--the "hogsgrease", and to Shakespeare as the "ape-poet". Johnson further declared that Shakespeare "lacked art", and said his work was a mass of plagiarisms.

Although Bacon had direct contact with the Theatre for many years, and makes many allusions to the stage, he never once mentions Shakespeare. Sir Toby Matthew wrote to Bacon, "The most prodigious wit of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another". Several manuscripts of original Shakespeare plays were discovered in the desk of Bacon, as for instance the Northumberland collection, some partly burned, and all bearing on the title page the name "Mr. Francis William Shakespeare Bacon". Bacon wrote one history, the History of Henry VII, the only king missing in the chronological series of Shakespearean plays.

There is historical proof, of course, that a man by the name of William Shakespeare did live, in spite of the fact that in that Elizabethan age of memoirs and diaries not one word was left written by Shakespeare himself. Mark

Twain, who was no mean literary critic himself—a Baconian incidentally, declared that although the world has a history of every renowned race-horse, it knows little or nothing about Shakespeare.

His father was a butcher, his mother a peasant, and he himself was an active butcher at the age of 15. There exists no positive proof that he ever attended school, and of the five or six signatures purporting to be his, they differ so much as to suggest that they were written by various law clerks for him. He was arrested for deer and rabbit stealing. He was of coarse, brutal temperament and degrading habits. He became a father five months after marriage to Ann Hathaway, by whom he had several children who were cruelly treated and kept illiterate—an action at much variance with these two quotations from the plays, "There is no darkness but ignorance" (Twelfth Night) and "Ignorance is the curse of God" (Henry VI). Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, of a fever contracted from a drunken brawl. His death attracted little notice, and there is no record of any funeral services.

To avoid arrest and legal procedure Shakespeare came to London in 1582, and held the horses outside of theatre doors. By 1594 he was inside the theatre, even playing before the Queen, and in 1597 he rented the best theatre in London for the show he then managed.

On the few occasions that Shakespeare was mentioned by his contemporaries, it was as a player and not an author. Phillip Henslow, famous play broker of the time, had no record of Shakespeare as an author. Ben Johnson giped at his scholarship, and the dramatist Greene openly accused Shakespeare of adding another's part to his own.

Shakespeare himself made no mention of the plays in his will, nor did he claim their property rights while alive. As a matter of fact, during his entire life he did not himself claim the authorship of the plays. Such a thing would not occur to the drunken, illiterate clown that he was.

Coleridge asked, "Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to men?" The Shakespearean plays are most inconsistent with the known personality of Shakespeare, aside from the physical impossibility of his ed-

education and experience, his illiteracy. And aside from the untutored lad possessing the deep and accurate and exhaustive scholarship displayed, the moral and intellectual character of Shakespeare was too much at variance with the noble sentiments of the literary work.

Bacon, on the other hand, was the greatest mind England ever produced. For that matter, Bacon was one of the most brilliant literary minds the world has ever known. Bacon wrote of himself that he "took all knowledge for his province". He was the father of modern science, with his vast intellectual powers distinguishing him in Science and to this day we are using his system of remodeled British law.

Francis Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, was born January 22, 1561. Other, and fairly well-authenticated reports, have it that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, which would account for the persecution of his contemporaries. It was said that Bacon once took poison when the Queen became enraged at finding who had written the treasonable matter in the Shakespearean plays. Apparently Bacon was himself the unhappy Hamlet, the king who could never claim his throne. The dramatist, Greene, said that the author of "Hamlet" was "a lawyer and the son of a lawyer". Certainly Bacon's parents were of the nobility, and both he and his brother were educated in the profession of law. Bacon went to Parliament at the age of 27, but in spite of this high honor, was arrested many times for debt.

Many of the Shakespearean plays are founded upon incidents in the life of Bacon. His many difficulties had led him to such contact with Jew money-lenders as is described in "The Merchant of Venice"; the insanity of Hamlet and Lear was found within his own family; "The Tempest" is built upon the sinking of a Bermuda-bound boat in which Bacon was interested.

Bacon was expert in cryptography-- the concealing of cypher messages, and many of the Shakespearean plays contain complete cryptographical systems. And from the Shakespearean epitaph Ignatius Donnelly deciphered the words, "Francis Bacon wrote the Greene, Marlowe and Shakespeare

plays."

No authentic pictures exist of Shakespeare, and those formerly considered as such have been revealed as those of Bacon himself, in very poor disguise. The costume for instance, is that of the high courtier which Bacon was. The Droeshout portrait, an etching, shows a marked resemblance to Bacon, and the line of the chin shows a mask, and one-half of the coat is on backwards. One of the earlier Shakespeare pictures shows him leaning on something else; in reality this is Bacon again, leaning on a cushion as a symbol of his hidden work. The title pages of the earlier plays show a picture of the author with a mask on.

Johnson who helped Bacon translate his works into Latin as more easily accessible to foreign students was present at the sixtieth birthday of Bacon and wrote of him then, "Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst".

Bacon is recognized as one of the world's greatest occultists and Masons, and it is believed that he was an initiate of the Rosicrucians. His writings can hardly be distinguished in character from other early Rosicrucian writers. The entire collection of Shakespearean plays contain Masonic and Rosicrucian philosophy, and part of the Masonic rituals are given in certain of his plays.

John Hydon, a publisher, first published "The New Atlantis" by Bacon under the title "The Land of the Rosicrucians". One picture of Bacon printed in Holland shows the Rosicrucian rosettes upon his shoes. The first Rosicrucian pamphlet ever to be published openly (1614) showed Bacon's name as an officer in that order. He was acquainted with all the prominent Rosicrucians of that time and quoted them extensively.

Bacon's "College of Six Days" in "The New Atlantis" was very similar to a Rosicrucian work by Campanella, "The City of the Sun." This "college" bore the name "House of Solomon" which has a direct connection with Freemasonry. Scripture connects Solomon and Jesus with the cedars of Lebanon. Throughout India adepts are known as "trees of righteousness", and Mme. Blavatsky speaks of Atlantis as a world over-run with trees.

Bacon was at his best in divination and prediction in

"The New Atlantis", in which he predicted the use of telephones, phonographs, explosives in water-torpedoes, and so on. For Bacon, like all occultists, knew of a pre-historic age of greater knowledge which he expected to have restored through the "six days creation" process as outlined in the "New Atlantis".

Bacon died April 9, 1626, ten years after Shakespeare. In his will he bequeathed his "name and memory to foreign nations, and the next ages", as though he knew that time must elapse before the world would understand a man whose aim was "to relieve men of their necessities and miseries", who spoke of himself as "a servant of God" in mitigating human suffering and increasing its joys.

If the Shakespearean plays were not written entirely by Bacon, he at least saw them prepared under his supervision. It is barely possible that Bacon and Shakespeare worked together as emissaries of a secret mystery school in the direct effort to promulgate their teaching.

Many people believe that Bacon did not die but after a mock funeral went to Germany and became "Christian Rosencruetz",-- but that is another story. (Would you like to hear it?)

* * *

"ALIEN"

Kathleen O'Byrne Grece

With rare distilled ecstasy
A golden jar I filled,
With faith, and hope, and charity,
And not a drop I spilled.
Then deep within this sweet delight
I heard a muffled sound,
As if some small imprisoned sprite
Were shouting underground.
My golden jar in haste I tipped,
Sheer ecstasy poured out;
Then drunkenly there slid and slipped
One small, imperishable doubt!

MEDICAL RUNAROUND

Arthur Foster

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Well, in Mr. Mudd's case it was a Chinaman, and here's the low down: The old gray mare wasn't what she used to be, so one day, long after ignorance had ceased to be bliss in the consciousness of Mr. Mudd, he decided to hunt up a doctor in order to find out if possible what in thunder was the matter with him. He was all abbagabba. We will just skip the symptoms for the present. People don't like to hear about symptoms; they like to tell about them.

"Doc", said Mr. Mudd, "I feel sick all over. What do you suppose is the matter with me?"

The medicine man bifocled Mr. Mudd for a few minutes, stroked his obsolete goatee with sagacious perplexity, and gave Mr. Mudd a big dose of castor oil. One visit was enough.

Then came experiments and experiences with osteopaths and chiropractors. They couldn't put their fingers on it either.

Finally somebody suggested a *meta*-physician. By this time Mr. Mudd was ready to try anything. So he bought a copy of a Saturday evening paper, and did a nose-dive into the advertisements of Mysterious Sunday meetings, Weird Societies and Strange Cults.

At the "Think-as-Think-Can" New Thought Center he met a Mrs. Gush, who enlightened him upon the ways of the spirit. "Just relax," said Mrs. Gush, "and realize that all is well." Mr. Mudd had already reasoned that out as best he could with the aid of his little two-by-four finite brain, but he craved more specific information. So he said, "Madam, my back is bothering me so much that every time I bend over to pick up a sales-tax token my floating kidney or something gets all squeezed up against my floating rib. I still have one good right tonsil left, but my adenoid isn't working so well. What do you think I better do about it?"

"Well, if you would just realize that all is good you

would know that there cannot possibly be any such thing as a floating kidney out of order," she purred, with bening condescension. "Just tell your troubles to the Universal Mind, and try to realize that Cosmic Consciousness knows all."

"Oh yeah," sneered Mr. Mudd. "It seems to me that you have given me some pretty shallow advice for my floating kidney to sail upon. Those kind words of yours cover the universe from Pole to Pole all right, but they seem to leave me and my poor floating kidney out in the rain."

"Oh, you poor dear thing," came back Mrs. Gush, with the withering superciliousness of great spiritual realization, "Speak not of shadows, dear one. Just bask in the benevolent sunshine of a compassionate Providence, and realize that Divine Love will cause everything to come out all right."

That was enough for Mr. Mudd. He paid the five dollar free will love offering, and remarked, "Madam,, you have handed me a masterpiece of metaphysical deductive reasoning. I regret immeasurably that I have not the intellectual faculties and spiritual perspicacity which would enable me to comprehend and appreciate your precious pearls of scientific and philosophical wisdom. This way out."

Mr. Mudd's next experience was with another metafizzler by the name of Professor Wobble, who told him to concentrate more upon Perfection. But as Mr. Mudd had never found anything perfect to concentrate upon his advice didn't seem to cut much ice.

Madam Uffenguff was next on his calling list. She instructed him upon the fact that his imaginary hypochondrical floating kidney was an illusion of mortal mind. But when Mr. Mudd bent over to pick up his hat from the horsehair sofa he knew better.

Swami Whosethis from Calcutta; Yoga Whatshisname from Bombay and Rishi Boozhqah, from the Island of Ceylon, all told him to meditate more upon the rising sun, or the setting moon, or something or other; and induced him to take several courses in regeneration and spiritual unfoldment, at fifty smackers for eight or ten lessons. A couple of times Mr. Mudd thought he had something there, but the trouble was that he used to go to sleep when they would

have the Silence, and wake up when the show was all over.

Then he went to hear a lecture by a Mrs. Wimpus, noted clairvoyant, super-analyst and refined psychic, who gave him a discourse upon the lilies of the field and their correlation, with Divine Guidance. Some other highly sublimated woman read a book of aphorisms, affirmations and platitudes at him for an hour and a half, and socked him ten samoleuns.

Mr. Mudd spent many days and nights in pawing over the sort of thing, during which time he met lots of lovely people with sweet notions, candied ideas and saccharine conceptions; and he contacted beautiful souls with aesthetic feeling and ideals; but he didn't bump into a solitary person who could give him one little word of cheer regarding his poor, little lonely floating kidney.

By this time he had tied a knot in the end of his rope and was barely hanging on. He had listened to all the eminent and prominent authorities on postmortem salvation and cosmic predestination; he had contemplated the fallacies which contributed to a belief in an anthropomorphic Deity extraneous to His creation; he had meditated upon the doctrine of transsubstantiation; he had considered the tenability of the theory of palingenesis; he had taken a couple of transcendental flights, followed by several more or less embarrassing parachute jumps; he had learned that God is paternal, maternal, fraternal and diurnal; that the number of the consonants in his name did not vibrate with his health cycle, that the moon was not in right juxtaposition to the sun at the exact unfortunate and and unhappy moment that he happened to be born; that the shape of his cranium and the features of his physiogomy were unfavorable to greatness of character and breadth of intellect; and that the lines of his hand were in bad aspect.

Well, about this time Mr. Mudd went down town one day to find out why in the dickens the Chinese laundry had sent back a size fourteen shirt instead of his regular size seventeen. And as he leaned over the counter to argue with the Chinaman his floating kidney or something started to capsize. One Lung Sam put down his flat-iron and inquired, "What's matter? Catchee sick?"

"Yeah, I catchee sick all right," said Mr. Mudd.

"You got good doctor!"

"What do you mean good? I told them all that my floating kidney was breaking away from its moorings, and all they said was for me to look pleasant, and that everything would be all right."

One Lung Sam said nothing, but shuffled around in front of the counter in his Chinese carpet slippers, and poked Mr. Mudd in the back right where his floating kidney was anchored.

"Ow," exclaimed Mr. Mudd. "What's the idea?"

"Me fix 'em", said One Lung, grinning like a Chinaman. "What you eatee?"

"What did I eat? Well, let's see. Well, on account of this being 'Eat More Pork' Week I had some nice fried sausages for breakfast, a big stack of hot cakes, and a couple of cups of coffee. For lunch I had some rare pork chops, fried potatoes, and some hot biscuits. And then about an hour ago I had a little snack, consisting of a pork pie and some corn-starch pudding. I haven't had my dinner or supper yet. My appetite seems to have fallen away considerably here of late."

"You smokee?"

"Oh yes, I smoke a little; but never more than ten or fifteen cigars a day, and possibly a couple of packs of cigarettes or so."

"You drinke?"

"Oh yes, I drink a little but not much. You see, I'm trying not to launch that floating kidney of mine into any more moisture than is absolutely necessary."

"What doctors tell you to do?"

"Oh, they either just gave me a couple of funny pills, or told me to concentrate more upon eternal goodness."

"They no tell you to stop eatee pork chop, stop smokee, stop drinke? They no tell you clean up?"

"No, they just told me about the joys of the spirit."

One Lung climbed back over the little counter, went into a small back room, and opened up a small closet, in which stood a number of little Chinese family gods. Mr. Mudd could watch him thru the thin cheese-cloth curtain. One Lung lighted a small stick of Chinese incense, and then got down on his knees and mumbled a few prayers in

Chinese. When he came back Mr. Mudd asked, "What are you doing, Sam, praying for me?"

"No," answered Sam, "me no pray for *you*. Me pray for *doctors* cause they no tell you to clean up. They all go hell sure. Me pray to Great Josh. He save 'em."

One Lung then fumbled around in his belongings and brought out several powerful oriental herbs and grasses, which he made into a strong tea on the little stove in the back room. Then he came out and said, "Here, you drinkee this. That will fix 'em."

By this time Mr. Mudd was ready to take a chance on almost anything. So he took the cup, held it up, and said, "Well, Sam, here's all the hair off your head."

What a dose! Socrates had nothing on Mr. Mudd.

Sam went back to his ironing, and Mr. Mudd stood looking at a Chinese calendar which hung on the wall for a few minutes. Pretty soon he said, "Sam, I believe I'm beginning to feel better already. How did you do it?"

"God he belly good," replied Sam, with Asiatic imperturbability, "but China tea he better. God he belly wise. He puttee herb in field. He give fresh air, sunshine, good things to eat. You do what God want you get well, you stay well. If you no do what God want you catchee sick. When you catchee sick you find out what God want maybe then you get well. God give you common sense. If you no use it you no foollee God. You foollee Mr. Mudd. People talk all time. All same no good. You watchee nature, watchee dog, watchee cat. They no sick all time like bad mans. You be like good dog, good cat, you be well all time. You live like bad mans you be sickee all time. God he belly good. He nice, kind Mr. God. But if bad mans no live right, no clean up, all same not so good. If your shirtee too small you takee my medicine couple weeks you get little enough to go inside shirtee."

"Thanks, Sam, you're a brick."

"No, me no brick. Me Chineese laundry man. God he belly good. Me washee eight shirtee, six hankee, ten pair sox. Me scrubbee good. Me clean 'em up fine. Then God he tell you to give me one buck sixteen cent. But me have to clean 'em up first. If me no clean 'em first, God he not so good. Thankee Mr. Mudd for one dollar sixteen cent."

THE UNIVERSALITY OF RELIGION

Lillian Savoie Hahn

All faiths have fallen into the blind of regarding themselves as the sole recipients of *Truth*, given by God into their custody complete, and for all time.

In the light of modern science, which has opened the eyes of man upon a universe transcending anything which the boldest intellect could conceive, he is perceiving for the first time that the endless procession of false concepts of God which he has worshipped in the past, was but the ghostly shadows, cast by the substance of his own small brain, and projected upon the screen of his mind. Slowly he is freeing himself from the bonds of blind devotion to man-made dogmas, slowly the light of reason transcends the fire of emotion. The time is at hand when the more progressive thinkers of our race are daring to apply critical and impartial analysis to those questions which heretofore have been viewed only through the bias of personal and racial prejudice.

And what is the result? Is the mighty structure of religion crumbling to ruin? Are those great Principles, enunciated by the Saviours and Redeemers of Mankind dissolving under the blinding glare of modern scientific discovery? Far from it! In the light of knowledge they only shine forth in greater majesty.

Now at last, with the coming of the Aquarian Age, does man discerns, but as yet dimly, beneath the domes, spires, turrets, and minarets, which symbolize the faith of man aspiring towards his Maker, an *identical layer* of foundation rock upon which they rest, each and all. He is learning to distinguish between creeds and the actuality underlying them, which in its outer aspects is a Life to live, and in its most sacred aspects is a mode of consciousness to experience.

No open-minded and sincere student can proceed far with the study of comparative religions without finding that underneath all the violent religious differences that set them apart, all the great systems are astonishingly

alike in fundamental principles, and often in their manner of presentation. Rama, Krishna, Lao-tze, Buddha, Jesus, did not teach separate ways of reaching rival Gods.

Each Great One who incarnated in the flesh had a special mission to fulfill in relation to the evolution of humanity. Truth might not inaptly be compared to a circle, of which each Saviour supplies an arc--remembering that an arc, if sufficiently prolonged, becomes in turn a circle.

We need to broaden our concept of religion if that concept is to carry a complete, and not a partial and disproportionate message. If we seek a living faith which will answer the needs of all the aspects of our manifold natures, we must admit in all fairness that the Christianity as it has come to us today is too one-sided to be a satisfactory system of spiritual discipline. It can initiate only a certain type of temperament; it has a Bhakta Yoga and none other. It takes no account of much that God has planted in our natures, thus leaving us to solve many of our problems as best we can.

Let us honestly admit that the Christian canon is incomplete and instead of trying to make coherence of the fragments that the centuries have left us, let us spread out what we have, like a craftsman repairing a broken statue, and assign to each piece its proper position in the Cosmology we are trying to construct. We shall find that we have the breast and face and hands--the emotional, the spiritual and the ethical in some completeness, but we have not the head itself, nor the intellectual aspect with its cosmological concepts, nor the spine, at whose base kundalini is coiled, nor the feet planted solidly on Mother Earth. Nor most important of all, have we the parts sought by the mourning Isis, without which she knew the body of her Lord must be forever incapable of resurrection. For if this aspect be not informed of the spirit then is the head sick and the heart sore. It is the knowledge of the elemental aspect, both in man and nature that is entirely lacking in our faith. Consequently that aspect has never been harmonized and utilized, or understood.

Repression is not guidance; it is an admission of failure or at best a temporary expedient. Psychoneurosis

is the characteristic disease of the Christian. In Asia or Africa it is unknown. It is a silent witness of the failure of Christian ethics to meet the many-sided needs of human nature.

Let us rid ourselves of any lingering idea that we alone are the recipients of Truth, and that all others are at best deluded and at worst malicious.

Let us listen to what Confucius says, for his teachings gave his people a discipline which enabled them to build a stable and pure social system which lasted for thousands of years of peace and prosperity. We have never had anything comparable in the realm of Christianity.

Let us listen to the words of Mohammed who made his people a sword in the hands of God to fight the wicked and clean out the plague spots of the earth, and who turned rude savages into decent citizens, a feat the Christian missionary has never achieved to any appreciable extent.

Let us hear the teachings of Buddha who made of his people the gentlest and kindest of beings. Christians have never been characterized by their Christ-like conduct.

Finally, if we want a Cosmogony, we must turn to the profound philosophical traditions of the Hindus, and cease plucking pebbles on the beach of time.

However much the faiths of the eastern nations may have fallen upon evil days, they have never had their sacred literature tampered with, and their mystical and cosmological lore destroyed or distorted as have been the sacred books of the West. "It is here, in their sacred literature that we may seek the *"disjecta membra"* of our own traditions, and reintroduce into the faith of the western race a philosophy of spiritual life, the cosmology of the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, and a knowledge and discipline of the elemental forces, at present totally lacking.

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H.P.B.'S SECRET DOCTRINE

A. A. Voyz

Katherine Hillard in her introduction to "The Secret Doctrine" says:

"The Secret Doctrine (published in 1888) is based upon the Stanzas of an archaic MSS. known as the Book of Dzyan (Phonetically, Djan). This 'very old book' mentioned as such in the first chapter of Isis Unveiled, the only original copy in existence, is written in Senzar, the secret sacerdotal tongue known to all priests and initiates, and is the original work from which the oldest religious books of all nations were compiled. The most ancient Hebrew document on occult learning, the Book of Concealed Mysteries, was compiled from its pages, as well as China's primitive Bible, the sacred volumes of the Egyptian Thoth-Hermes, the Puranas of India, the Chaldean Book of Numbers and the Pentateuch itself."

William Emmette Coleman, of San Francisco, who made an exhaustive analysis of H.P.B.'s writings speaking of the "Secret Doctrine", the master key to the wisdom of the ages says: "The 'Secret Doctrine' is ostensibly based upon certain stanzas, claimed to have been translated from the 'Book of Dzyan', the oldest book in the world, written in a language unknown to philology. The 'Book of Dzyan' was the work of Mme. Blavatsky, a compilation in her own language, from a variety of sources, embracing the general principles of the doctrine and dogmas taught in the 'Secret Doctrine'. I find in this 'oldest book in the world' statements copied from nineteenth century books, and in the usual blundering manner of Mme. Blavatsky. Letters and other writings of the adepts are found in the 'Secret Doctrine'. In these mahatmic productions I have traced various plagiarized passages from Wilson's 'Vishnu Purana' and Wendell's 'World Life' of a like character to those in Mme. Blavatsky's acknowledged writings. Nearly the whole of four pages was copied from Oliver's 'Pythagorean Triangle', while only a few lines were credited to that work".

From the Chapter Known as
THE DENIAL OF GOD - SCORPIO
From *The Equinox*, 1910

O thou God of the Nothingness of All things! Thou who art neither the Formless breath of Chaos; nor the exhaler of the ordered sphere

Guide me in the unity of Thy might, and lead me to the fatherhood of Thine all-pervading Nothingness!

Throne me in the unity of Thy might, and stab me with the javelin of thy all-pervading Nothingness;

Bear in me the unity of Thy might, and pour me forth from out the cup of thine all-pervading Nothingness;

Urge me in the unity of Thy might, and drench me with the red vintage of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

Robe me in the unity of Thy might, and speed me into the blindness of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

Bring me to the unity of Thy might, and feast me on honeyed mannas of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

Sheathe me in the unity of Thy might, and kindle me with the grey flame of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

For thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

(Next Month - The Rejoicing of God - Sagittarius)

* * *

Nothing is more absurd than the popular story for babes which tells us that all the nice people are on one side and all the forces of evil are on the other.....

But they overlook the fact that far and away the greatest atrocity in all human history was the British blockade of Germany for months after November 1918, as a result of which over 800,000 German women and children, and old people were starved to death and millions were emaciated and stunted. Had Hitler tortured and then killed every one of the half-million Jews living in Germany in 1933 such a foul and detestable act would still have left him a piker compared to Britain's blockade of 1918-1919.

Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes
New York World Telegram, March 29, 1940

IMMOLATION

Liboria Romana

Of all the creatures who roam the earth, man seems to be the only species constantly engaged in warfare. Is it because he is the only one who believes in reincarnation, in the hereafter? "In my Father's house there are many mansions". (St. John, 14:2.)

The Japanese are taught to seek death on the battlefields for then they are assured immortality. And occidental man need not feel superior, and thrust this aside as mere superstition,--do we not also console ourselves when our youths are killed in battle, by the thought that now they are heroes?

History tells us that primitive man made human sacrifices to insure the fertility of his seed and his soil--in other words, he believed the earth to need fertilizing with human blood. Yes, of course, we laugh,--ignorant superstition.

But man has continued through the centuries to spill human blood under one guise or another. In the sixteen hundreds we had the bloody Thirty Years War fought in the name of religion. Then there have been political wars. Now the cycle seems to be rounding itself out and we are back to human slaughter for land and crops.

How much longer will the mothers of men stand by, wracking their bodies to bear sons, only to have them taken by leaders drunk with ambition, or merely crazed with traditional superstitions? Still the best of the young men are chosen to give their blood to appease whatever particular God is dominant or fashionable at the moment. Oh yes, but we are civilized! Are we?

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THE POOL OF MATTER

Reprinted from *The Seer*, May, 1931

Anna E. Andre

There is one Life. It is Mother; Vibration is her Son -- God. The two are one.

God planned; His Plan is perfect. He planned Man as triune being, - body, mind and soul.

Man is endowed with seven senses, corresponding with the Sacred Seven. Man demonstrates five senses; two are enfolded, - the intuitional and cosmic senses being dormant.

God designed Man on the order of the Solar System. In the Solar System the Sun is the generative centre and every planet responds to the Sun's vibration at all times and seasons. The sex function is the Sun centre of our mortal bodies, and when these rays are left undisturbed they transmute and elevate the sex forces. Thus the body becomes an instrument upon which invisible currents and rhythms play, enabling the hearing of higher tones, of seeing colors invisible to mortal vision (astral shades), and of feeling healing powers concealed in Nature, beyond the scope of the lower five senses.

The mortal body, alchemically presented as Mercury, Sulphur and Salt is the Pool of Matter. When the body is perfectly calm it is likened to a still pool, and is acted upon by generative rays from the Sun and Moon, as is all Life. Under that stimulus the waters are troubled, and healing rays send forth their influences. If the body be stirred with finite thoughts, creating mental rhythms only, then is a misty veil thrown over the divine vision.

Hypnotic release silences finite thought waves and the subconscious mind will reflect the wisdom for which one searches in vain, for who among mortals can define Infinite Intelligence?

* * *

IN MY WORLD IS PEACE. - *Marie Harlowe*

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Ann Lee Fowlie

When we were a young married couple in Montana my husband was appointed a Justice of the Peace of Boulder, a crude, raw mining camp just discovered, which snuggled in lofty mountains, buried in deep snows except in summer. The trip consumed 3 days, -I was to join him later, going home to visit my mother.

The night of the second day after his departure I sprang out of bed, screaming, "Mummy, Jim is dead. I just saw him pulled out of a roaring river. His face was death-like."

The following afternoon, June first, a telegram came from Jim saying, "All is well". We rejoiced and forgot the dream.

I boarded a Boulder stage. A scar in the side of the mountain passed for a road and you could look down into the dizzy depth of the canyon and see wagons and dead horses that had toppled over. I heard a deafening roar, which the driver said was Boulder River.

I knew nothing of the river but it seemed so familiar. Arriving at camp, an assayer told of having pulled Jim out of the river. Jim's team had been unable to make thru the water, smashing into a boulder. Jim had seized the tail of a horse to swim out with him but was too numb in that ice-cold water to retain his hold and went under. A cowboy mounted his bronco and threw his lariat and lassoed Jim as he came up. It was an hour before he showed signs of life.

All of this had taken place the first of June at exactly the time of my dream.

"I knew all about it," I exclaimed, "knew all about it the very minute it occurred."

"Impossible," Jim protested. "How could you know about it at that distance?"

"I dreamed it," I stoutly maintained. "Mother can tell you."

Evidently some one in the group of campers was psychic and transferred his thoughts through space by telepathy.

BOOK REVIEWS

WITCHCRAFT, by William Seabrook

Harcourt, Brace & Company *New York*

\$3.00

Modern witches, current sorcerers, human vampires, werewolves, devil worshippers--all to be found in Paris and London and New York are reported in this volume. Its author not only reports authenticated cases of such, but gives his own experiences while a world traveller in the use of both Black and White magic. Its author, tho a disbeliever in the supernatural, collects the peculiar dolls used in witchcraft.

METAPHYSICS IN MODERN TIMES, by D. W. Gotschalk

The University of Chicago Press *Chicago*

\$1.50

A treatise on the purpose and methods of modern metaphysics. Those who see in metaphysics a vague, badly reasoned philosophy should read here the origin and history of meta-physics thru "wish-washy spiritualism" to the surrealists. Its chapter on the "objections to metaphysics is especially thought-provoking.

THE UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE, by Stewart Edward White

E. P. Dutton & Company *New York*

\$2.50

The author has long been known as an adventurer in the physical world, but with his "Betty Book" he ventured farther afield into the realm of the astral world. In the present volume, Betty, his wife, continues the work they had started though she has herself passed on into that astral realm. The messages back across the veil are a bit more philosophic and scientific than the usual run of such messages.

VOICES FROM THE GREAT BEYOND, by Rose Breitfeld

Fortuny's *New York*

\$1.50

The usual spiritualist misconception that astral forces are the "higher forces of life". Seems that ancient Job has come back to be the author's personal guide!

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